

Still Can't Love

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Still Can't Love

by [Illyxion](#)

Summary

The cruelest thing Remus could ever tell Harry was that he should never love Snape.

He's seen those hungry emerald eyes staring at the professor, whether it was in the hallways or at Order meetings. He knew Harry must dream of devouring the mouth that possessed a dagger-sharp tongue that spat poison, of shutting up the one man he would love to kill and kill for. He could understand that the teenager must be struggling internally, conflicted with his deep mistrust of Snape and his erotic fantasies.

All of this, Remus could understand, because he too had suffered from the same dilemma.

Inspired by and named after the song "Still Can't Love" by Joyner Lucas.

Notes

Inspired by and named after the song "Still Can't Love" by Joyner Lucas; I was specifically inspired by the two lines "She want to study all the tattoos on my body" and "But what you gonna bring to the fucking table?".

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

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It was years before they had met again at Hogwarts as colleagues.

Remus was pained by James's death. The recently pardoned Snape was pained by Lily's. They met at a bar, got pissed drunk, and fucked.

That should've been the end of the story, but he couldn't resist pursuing him.

It became an endless cycle for months, where one of them would reach out for a drink or ten before fucking.

They never explored kinks nor discussed boundaries. That was something people did with their lovers. Snape made it clear that they would never be that.

It was rough and passionate, bordering animalistic. They would let go of all inhibitions and make a mess out of each other as if actively trying to destroy their bodies. Hand-shaped bruises were imprinted on Severus's hips and thighs. The red scratch mark left on Remus's body reminded him that he wasn't dreaming. Hickeys were littered throughout both of their bodies, a collection that told a story of their depraved relationship, built on resentment, pain, and lust.

After sex, they would never talk. Snape would take another sip of his whiskey and go back to thinking, blown out eyes hardening to empty ones. For whatever reason, he would allow Remus to fiddle with his body.

The werewolf would always hover over his Dark Mark, tracing the skull and marvel over such a hate symbol. He never commented on it, even if he had a million things he wanted to scream out. But it wasn't like it would've meant anything because, at the end of the day, it would still remain there as a permanent reminder of Snape's choices. He would wonder what the former Death Eater would think about, waking up to the vicious image burned on his arm.

And then he had to ruin it by running his mouth. He got too greedy, yearning for something beyond Snape's body. Even though he claimed every inch of the Slytherin, he just had to ask for more.

It hurt to even remember it. Curse his soft yet selfish heart for wanting the one thing he wasn't allowed to have.

"I want to go out with you," Remus told Snape one night after inviting him to his flat for a drink.

The other man was *not* pleased to hear this.

"I told you, there will never be anything besides sex."

"I know, I know. But that's just what I want."

“If you just want money, you can have it,” he handed over his wallet, black eyes filled with irritation. “I don’t need it *that* badly.”

“I don’t want your money.”

“Then what do you want?”

“I want you.”

The former Death Eater took a step back. His face was filled with a flurry of emotions.

Rage, disgust, horror, confusion, shock. Not a sliver of happiness or love.

“Shut the fuck up.”

“I know you’re afraid to love,” Remus held his wrist, giving him a pleading look. “Severus, I’m serious. I love you-”

“Watch your mouth,” Snape snapped. He shook off the hand and apparated away. Remus never went after him, choosing to instead finish the half-empty bottle of whiskey in the fridge.

Fast forward to now, they’ve reunited once more and have more important things at hand. For one, they must protect Harry Potter at all cost.

And Remus was doing that—protecting Harry from making the same mistake he once made.

As of now, Snape’s newest partner was Sirius. It was like a slap in the face to the poor werewolf.

He could turn a blind eye to their shenanigans though—Sirius was a full-grown adult with his own scars and hated Snape with passion. Their relationship would never go beyond meaningless sex. He could never understand Remus’s pain, while Remus would never have to worry about any love developing between them.

But Harry? He was too young and naive, could never understand that pursuing such carnal desires will only leave him broken.

He was only glad that Snape would never look at Harry like that—after all, he was a fucking child. The uncanny resemblance to James and lack of potioning skills didn’t help either.

Still, if Harry were to confess, he would no doubt be faced with cold rejection. And Merlin knows how badly he will take it. Add on the additional stress from the return of You-Know-Who and school and he’d be far too overwhelmed.

No, Remus couldn’t allow that.

“Harry?” Remus called out, entering the empty lounge in the evening. The room was lit only by a blazing fireplace, giving a warm glow to the young boy and highlighting the tiredness on his face.

He duly noted the stocked whiskey cabinet in front of Harry that was open. So even he couldn’t resist that adolescent curiosity...

Harry turned and nervously smiled. “Yes?”

“We need to talk,” the werewolf said, taking out a bottle of whiskey and pouring himself a glass.

Harry gulped and took a seat.

“What do you want to talk about, Professor?”

Remus took a long sip and sighed. “Harry, you should never love Professor Snape.”

End Notes

Another late night drabble written in a few hours :/

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